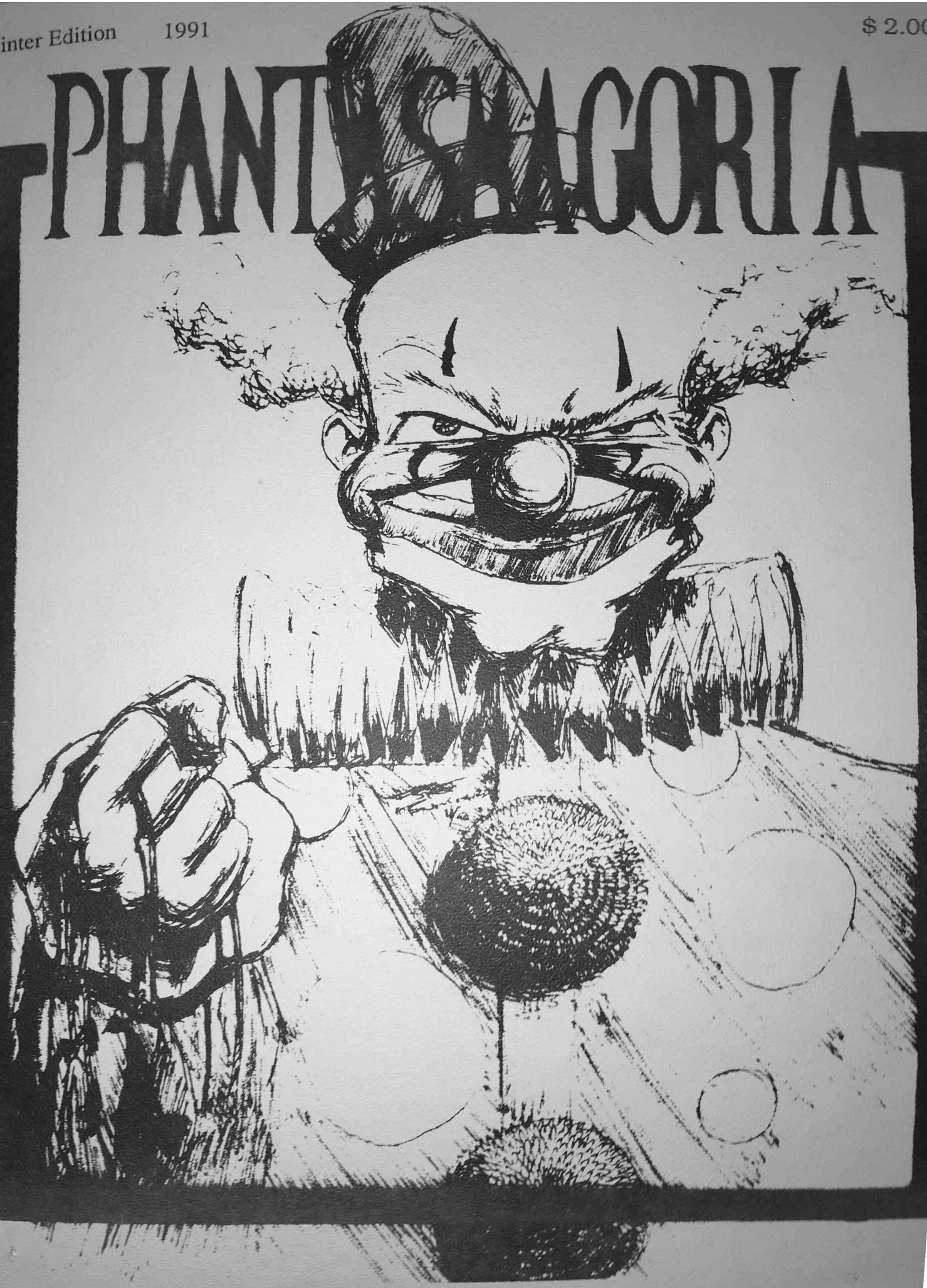


Winter Edition 1991

\$ 2.00

PHANTASAGORIA



The Poet
characters: The doctor
the parents
the poet
setting: Doctor's office

*Dragging feet scratched the floor from where
they took her.*

"We want you to be happy, dear. You're not normal like Mrs. Robertson's kids. Tricia and Tracey go roller skating every Friday night and you, well you sit couped up in your bedroom writing poetry."

She did commit the cardinal sin!

"We teach our children to do that which makes them happy, doctor, but we never meant thinking creatively, philosophizing, even analyzing."

"It could be worse, mom, I could be out doing drugs or something."

*But she didn't get a say in the matter. After all,
a 16 year old couldn't possibly make
decisions concerning her own life,
could she?*

They diagnosed her.

"She's depressed."

"All that funny music she's been listenning to."

"I knew we shouldn't have let her subscribe to Writer for Christmas. Now, a phone would've been okay."

"What I strongly suggest is that you remove all paper and writing utensils from the house. This is an addiction, however, so you may need to strap her down to her bed at night to avoid withdrawl."

"Just think, honey, maybe then she'll be a normal kid, just like the Robertsons."

"Maybe someday, she'll even find a hobby she enjoys."

The End

Tania Tasse

*This magazine is dedicated to the belief that the arts are a necessary and
important force in our lives, and to the suport of the young artists who
bring them to us.*

PHANTASMAGORIA

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Michelle Bush
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Pat Tuorto

This magazine is dedicated to the belief that the arts are a necessary and important force in our lives, and to the support of the young artists who bring them to us.

EXPACTION

I recline here, now,
and comfortably.
Big Red shoots cinnamon flavor pellets
Of hot taste down my mechanical throat.
They come liquidy fast, and at
irregular intervals.
The devoted guitar chords shoot
Through my acoustical ears-
Like bullets, driven hard toward my chest
With extreme momentum.
The harmonica sends a
Sharp ring through my brain, and it
Penetrates, causing my mind
To contrand and exact with every:
Powerful note.
My thoughts dance gracefully
In my head, in rhythmic tune
With every beat swimming through
The reckless ocean of my mind,
Acutely aware of my undisclosed senses.

-Joanna Starrels

WOULD DEATH WALK THE STREET AS KIDS TRICK OR TREAT?

His shadow cloak whirls around him
A chill wind blows his way
Soundless footsteps move him with fluid grace
His eternal search draws him forth
To your street? To your door?
A skeletal hand extends toward the door
And a woman bearing sweets open it
"Oh how original! So spooky!" she says
Undisturbed, he brandishes his scythe
"Oh my! I'm so frightened!" she is giggling
Disturbed a little now, the fleshless hand
Reaches forth, for a suburbanite's soul
But reaches a Bite-size pack of Skittles instead.
Death ponders.
Hey, who doesn't like Skittles?

THE DESERT

The vegetable and egg-fried rice is delicious,
Seasoned just to her taste.
Laughing she reads aloud from the cookie the words

"A sapling in the desert soon becomes dead wood,"

And tosses the scrap of paper into the trash,
Where it comes to rest inside a plastic milk jug.
That evening the news tells of a toxic incinerator to be built
Less than three miles from her house.
Forty-thousand signatures oppose it.
Lying in bed she tries to recall if hers is one of them
And falls asleep thinking about her new armchairs,
Which will be arriving the day after tomorrow.

In her dream she kneels in mud up to her ankles and scrubs,
Brushing away the flat, dusty moans beyond her door
Even as we tear and beg for water.
Wait! she says,
With the desperation of a woman in search of small patches.
She cannot leave until the carpet comes clean.
It used to be royal blue, she says.
There is a sudden tilt and the hissing of the earth tones
As she is flung against the opposite wall.
The spilled pail of her dirty water forms a bloated
smile on the floor.

In the wide-eyed silence the greenish light of three-thirty
Slips across the table to stroke her forehead.
It licks the round glass,
Where she neglects to notice that the goldfish has given up
swimming
And floats paralyzed in his bowl.
The rubber plants throw brown whispers down the hallway.
In the kitchen under harsh fluorescent lights
She hunches inside the refrigerator.
Cold shelves,
Empty except for a single moldy strawberry.
The sight of it rotting in her home makes her shiver with nausea,
A familiar voice croaks weakly from a corner,
Filling her for a moment with the urge to bolt to the door,

And run until her house is a speck or less.
But there is coughing,
A choking in the throat as if from mustard gas.
Then, instead of running,
She staggers gasping back to the bedroom,
Comforting herself with her new royal blue armchairs.
There is dead wood in her footsteps,
And her pillow sizzles beneath her ear like a poisonous mirage.

-Jennifer Starrels



Listen to these sounds, they're creating visions in my eyes and a prancing in my step.

Meaningfulness in my smile

I can feel them in my heart...

"Come out, come out we see you."

Well I can feel you...

These sounds mesmerize everything around them

"Coat me with love!" A voice says

I've never heard this voice before

"Sprinkle me with glistening joy!" exclaims another.

Sounds so potent, they possess me.

All fears...who cares where they go

At least they're gone for now.

I can feel them coming

Unfamiliar voices take over my senses

I can tell by the softening of the sounds

Voices cry out "Please, help me!"

As the shadows emerge from their hiding places

I know who you are.

"I told you not to come back!" I cried, with tears surging from my red eyes.

Please leave me alone

I can't see you but I can feel you

They close in on me

They capture the life of everything around them.

My fears have returned, they were not gone for long.

I hear strangling

Thrashing

The sounds of ripping, tearing of something...But I can't tell what

Suddenly...Serene silence

A state of peace and tranquility

All my emotions covered in this short time

The best and the worst

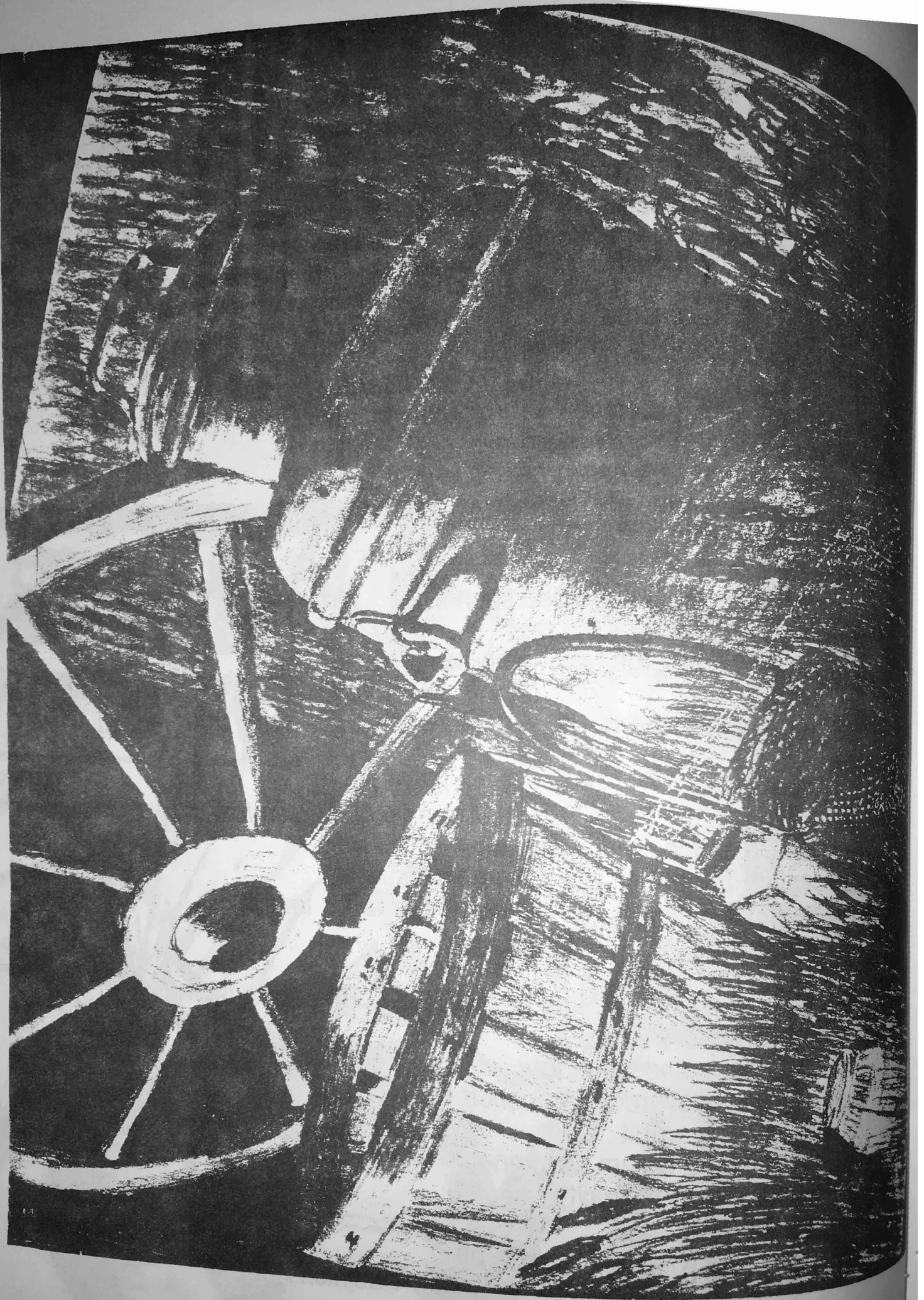
A nightmare and a dream all in one

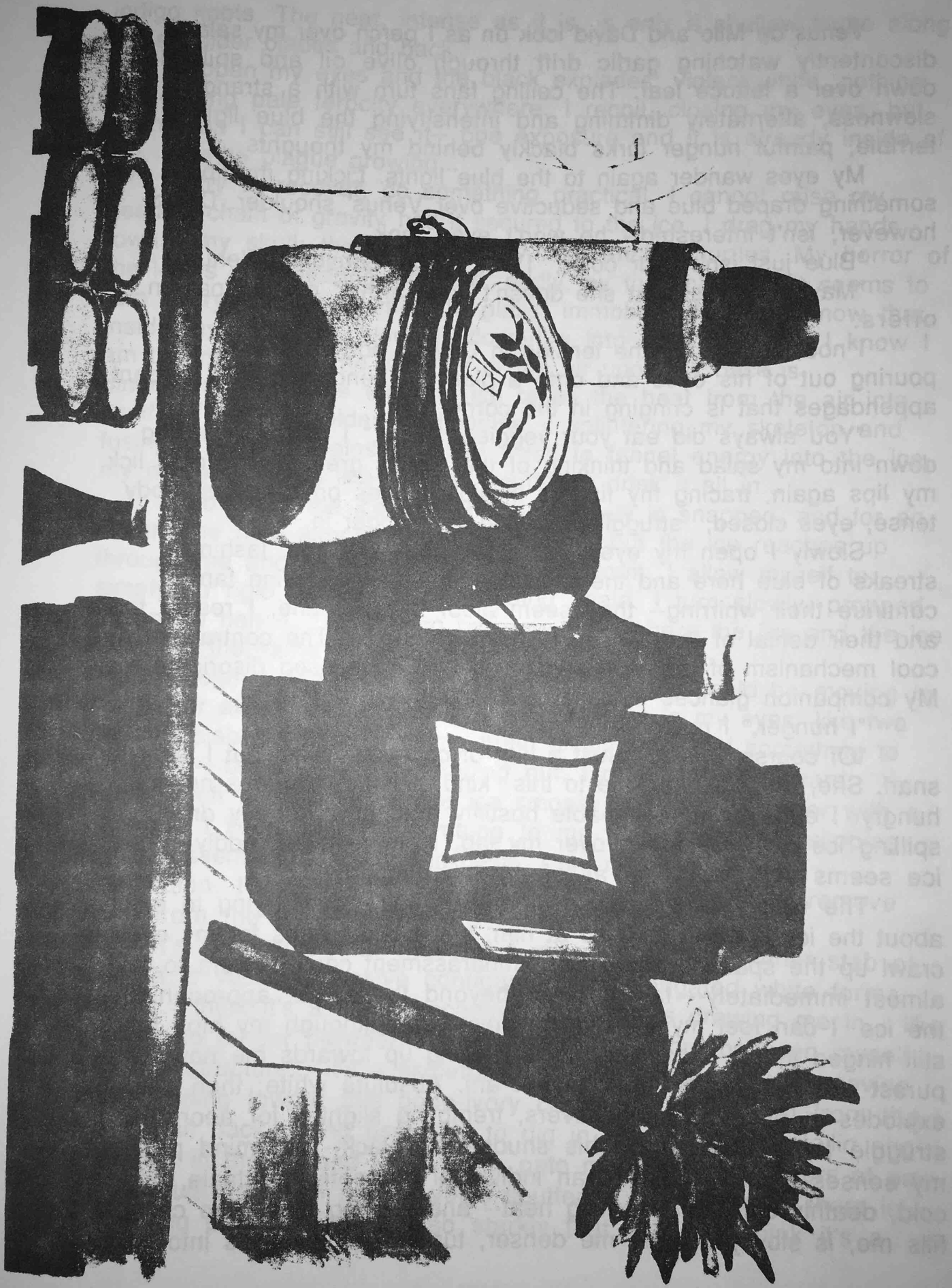
One second's flash of reality

I must be dreaming

Maybe

-Kristin Budinich





Venus de Milo and David look on as I perch over my salad, discontentedly watching garlic drift through olive oil and spill slowly down over a lettuce leaf. The ceiling fans turn with a strange slowness, alternately dimming and intensifying the blue lights. A terrible, painful hunger lurks blackly behind my thoughts.

My eyes wander again to the blue lights. Licking my lips, I note something draped blue and seductive over Venus' shoulder. David, however, isn't interested-- he won't even look.

"Blue just isn't your color," I say aloud, consoling Venus.

"Maybe it's just that she doesn't have arms," my companion offers.

I nod, noting that the tension in David's body seems to be pouring out of his eyes and onto a plant well-endowed with verdant appendages that is cringing in the corner.

"You always did eat your veggies, David," I murmur, smiling down into my salad and thinking of the plant's green contours. I lick my lips again, tracing my fingers in slow circles on the seat, body tense, eyes closed, struggling to hold my hunger in.

Slowly I open my eyes. The lights look luscious, lashing streaks of blue here and there on everything. The ceiling fans continue their whirring-- they seem aloof and immune. I resent them and their denial of the sensuality I am bathed in. The contrast of the cool mechanism of the fans and my desire juxtaposed disorients me. My companion glances upward questioningly.

"I hunger," I respond.

"Of course you do." Just a hint of condescension, but I want to snarl. She, too, was immune to this kind of need; she was never hungry. I curb my unreasonable hostility and reach for my drink, spilling ice over the table, over my lap. I am relieved, oddly-- the ice seems very real after all of this abstraction.

The waiter arrives. My companion's lips move, trying to explain about the ice. I try to look up at him, but it takes ages for my eyes to crawl up the space to meet his. Embarrassment causes them to fall almost immediately-- falling down beyond the salad, approaching the ice. I can feel myself slipping downward although my hips are still hinged to the seat. The ice is rushing up towards me now, purest white, a white larger than I am. Absolute white; then black explodes in my vision and hovers, trembling slightly, for aeons. I struggle to withdraw from this shuddering black-- my mind probes my senses as if each were an individual perceptive tentacle, finding cold, deathly chill, and burning heat-- and nothing else. The cold fills me, is slowly making me denser, turning my muscles into deep

indigo knots. The heat, intense as it is, is only a shallow flame along my shoulder blades and back.

I open my eyes and the black explodes; violent white, nothing but glaring pale ferocity everywhere. I recoil, closing my eyes, but even then I can still see it-- one exposure and it is already inside of me, a white plague growing...

I try to recover, do something practical. I cannot raise my head; a chain of gravity has it secured to the ice. I drag my hands toward my skull; they move slowly, like ancient turtles. My horror of the ice is disappearing, soothed, oddly, by the coldness. It seems to turn everything in my mind to glass, immobile, distant. I know that inside my veins the blood is flowering into blue crystals-- I know I am turning to ice. The violence of the air upon my back is diminishing. I realize that the ice takes the heat from the air into itself to become colder... I imagine it splintering my skeleton and fusing it with my veins to make wires to funnel energy into the ice, my nerves arrayed like hungry mouths to drink it all in...

I bolt from the ice, the chain of gravity is snapped, and for an instant the heat almost moves something, but the ice reaches up through me and crushes it before it can form. I allow myself to simply go rigid, rather than collapsing again. I turn slowly, propped up on my hands. There is no horizon-- somewhere the fire and the ice fuse into the same white haze...

I begin dragging myself in any direction-- I could be moving in circles for all I know... There is a sudden pain in my eyes, like two needles stabbing through to my brain. I suddenly had something to focus on-- barest shadow standing out. I draw myself onward, finally lurch to my feet on the ice smooth as glass, a mirror with a cataract. I keep slipping, climbing to my feet, stumbling, slipping again. I seem to be walking in place; I am no closer to my destination. I am waiting for this thing to identify itself, remove itself from the white haze.

It's suddenly crystal clear, and my eyes suffer another stab of pain. It is vast, a massive configuration of elongated white forms. At first I think it's a hand, because something is drawing me in... like gravity, no longer between myself and the ice, but between myself and this structure... it's a skeleton, I realize suddenly. I am moving faster sliding toward this bone-ivory cage that has grown from the ice. I lean back, trying uselessly to dig in my heels. A metallic ring resounds in the air and I fall, hard, onto my back. red flickers of pain dart through me as I hear a voice sputtering Latin. Nearby there is something dark, contrasting so starkly that at first I think it's a

hole in the ice. I approach warily, fearful of the bones. It is small, a flat, dark disc-- a coin! The voice is emanating from an engraved classical Roman head; touching it, I taste olives. I hold it in my hand; it is hot, like the air, unlike the ice. I clench it firmly and look at the skeleton again, walking in a wide half-circle to avoid coming near it.

Immediately I notice that the scourge of the air goes a little deeper now, as though the ice couldn't neutralize it as quickly. The heat almost begins to take root before being seized again. A trace of the warmth seems to linger in the coin-- I wish it would speak again. I can't understand Latin, but the sound is reassuring.

The air feels differently; it agitates, and I notice a shallow layer of mist around my ankles. The coin makes a sound, like 'aha!' and grows warmer against my palm. The ice remains immobile, denying, and I feel myself draining into it. I feel as though it has taken root in my brain, that white plague I saw before.

The coin begins speaking again, in short bursts-- I strain to comprehend but only recognize a cajoling tone. I hold it away from me; it pauses from time to time as though we were having a conversation. I have a sudden urge to throw it, staring down into the white evenness of the ice. The air grows more ferocious, as if on the verge of a victory-- the ice makes no demands, offers no possibilities. I keep the coin.

The mist is rising, thickening, up to my knees now. The ice is somewhere below the palest grey of the fog. I have the strange sense that the ice is slowly bleeding out its soul, a long, deep exhalation.

Something solid, a definite shape, juts out above the fog ahead of me. The coin's tirade intensifies, becoming rhythmic and compelling. I sense that I am being manipulated and tell it to shut up. The fog continues to rise, but never completely covers the object. It is rectangular, and stands on something that looks like a pole.

The coin falls into a silence-- a loud one. I think it's waiting. I squeeze it and stand still. The ice grows firmer under my feet. The fog shrinks, allowing the electric white to blaze out again, making everything blank. The coin's voice pleads-- I stand tensely, then slide my foot forward simply because I see no point in standing still.

The fog expands once again-- the coin urges me, jubilant, the air caresses me with its white leaden hands. The thing itself beckons, seems familiar, like a lost part of myself waiting to be reclaimed. It makes promises, beginning to condense and become 'something'. Its features converge slowly, a picture coming into focus: rectangular container with metal top and base perched on a pole. Clear sides show me translucent plastic bubbles within,

winking at me with their little hearts, promises, promises... your standard vending machine.

I step aggressively to perform the ritual. Hopefully, dreadfully, I place the coin, watch the dark disc slide down into the silver maw which I twist by the handle like a lower lip. There is a churning and a rattle, followed by a silence, then a sound as plastic bumps against metal. I reach in, remove my personal bubble. It rattles, it clacks, it is full of dry pasta.

The air vibrates now; the fog is almost over my head. An instinct speaks to me from the ice, urging me to throw my gift but curiosity prevents it-- instead I open the bubble and sift the spirals of pasta through my fingers. They are comforting, their sounds and the way they feel in my hands.

I look back at the vending machine as I move away-- it seems separate, somehow, from the ice, the air, even the bubble it dispensed. It reminds me of the ceiling fans-- perhaps it is that inevitable churning motion they both operate by... I spin a pasta in my hand, watch it turn.

Below my feet, the ice is chipped, finally caving into the fire. The fog is newly emancipated, and keeps building as my body picks up the thrum of the air. I keep thinking I see shapes in the fog, in the remains of the ice... a terrible recognition is growing in me. I grip my bubble tightly, suddenly wishing for the neutral churning of the vending machine.

The features of the restaurant drip out of the fog-- Venus and David still engaged in their games, Desire and Desired... I turn around fearfully. I can imagine running into myself here... I look over to where we had been sitting and with relief find nothing. As I move closer I see a mound of plain linguine where my companion had been.

Hunger seizes me so forcefully that for an instant I don't recognize the feeling. I back away from the linguine, turning slowly, wary for any stray pasta. Small mounds of it lie everywhere people had been, like absurd tombstones. I spy a pile of shells, moist, white-- strange membranes.

My heart is pounding; I hold my hunger in between clenched teeth and knotted muscles. There is some other reality beneath my hunger and the piles of pasta in place of the people... my bubble slips from my fingers as hunger unties the muscles holding it in, diving into the soft pale flesh of the shells, devouring them. A vague wish for marinara sauce flashes in my mind, then vanishes, absorbed in the squishes of mangled pasta shells... liquid bursts between my churning jaws, gushing between my teeth, flowing down deep crimson into my vision, not marinara, but blood.

The hunger surges again, deeper. I hear groans coming from the vending machine, not the thing itself but what it contains. I can't stop myself, the screams of pain are getting louder. Far up, distant in my mind, a horror is growing, but I have fallen too far into my desire. Scarlet blood gushes ecstatically with every bite.

The bubbles in the machine are shrieking now. The hunger is expanding within me, making space for more, more... I am nothing but this burning, reaching, wrenching, not even aware of the action itself but only the feeling behind it. The ice is completely gone, such denial never was.

I am still sliding down, farther and farther from the horror of mangling souls between my teeth. The vending machine is writhing, the bubbles inside of it struggling against my hunger falling and dragging everything with it. It is borne higher as it screams against the terrible density of my desire.

I feel the machine implode and the silence it leaves behind is a rend in the universe. With it gone, my hunger expands again, beyond me, outside of me, though I am its source. I am drawn closer and closer to the vacuum it has made, I am sliding through. This is the mouth of my hunger, somewhere through that opening is the world. I hear a rattle as my legs and hips slide through and I drop my bubble. It splits, dry pasta flies at me, into my gaping mouth. I clench my teeth as I am pulled through and feel bones breaking.

Alexis Skinner



Leaves

I like the leaves in summer
When they're vivid and green
and laughing brightly
But the others prefer leaves in fall
When they're a rainbow of color
So stunning gorgeous
and dead.

-Christy Montemurro

the storm rages on
for a couple of hours
dancing in the moonlight
in and out of trees.

nothing to fear, i think
i'm safe inside my house
for a couple of hours
where else will i go?

my head is pounding
nothing to fear, i think
this storm will soon pass
in and out of trees.

there's nothing more to do
i'm safe in my house
my head is pounding
the storm rages on.

dancing in the moonlight
where else could i go?
there's nothing more to do
this storm will soon pass.

- maureen

Consonance, and then some

Why can't I understand you
Sitting there, speaking your mind to me?
I look and listen and watch your words
As they roll off your soft, twitching tongue
And fill the cabin of my car with poetry.
With cheerful conversation, giggles and song
And yet one word does not penetrate
These dense outer reaches of my mind.
And I sit there bewildered by your beauty
Without the wisdom of a single thing said,
"What was that dear?"

-Gabe Carroll

IMBIBING LIFE

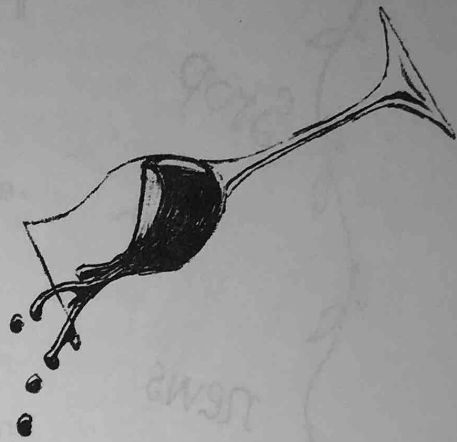
Speed
Exhilaration
The wind
Blowing fiercely through my hair
A neverending ride
Through fields of passion
Total control
If you wish to speed up, If you wish to slow down
No worry
Total control

A thorny branch
From a forgotten tree
Catches my foot
And doesn't release its hold
The more I pull
The tighter it becomes
No mercy
As I fall to the ground
A sound escapes my lips
A scream,
Perhaps
These fields of passion
Seem to be lined
With a tremendous amount
Of unforgiving, bitter
Vines of hate

In a world where we all think
That we know what is surrounding us
There always seems to be
Something new for us to discover
Every single day

Pools of blood
Masquerading as rich red wine
Sweet to the pallet
Deadly to the soul
Dare we drink
Thinking we will be the one
The only one
Who will survive?
Or do we drink, in suicide?

Rachel Semple



Writing Headquarters

is still Room 209

stop

for

news

of

contests

and

frisks!

Everyone

Welcome!

100 Years

"hypocrisy-noun-The feigning of beliefs, feelings, or virtues which one does not hold or possess."

-Websters Dictionary

Thank you, dear parents
For teaching me reverence for life
For taking me to the farm when I was younger
And letting me pet the cows
Which you later fed me for dinner.

The educators, they told me
"Fighting never solves anything"
When I pulled my playmates hair during recess
Yet world power is distributed
On the basis of which country kills the most
effectively.

And the industries
They claim that they care about the people
While pumping out the fumes and acids
Which sentence our grandchildren to death-
Less than 100 years.

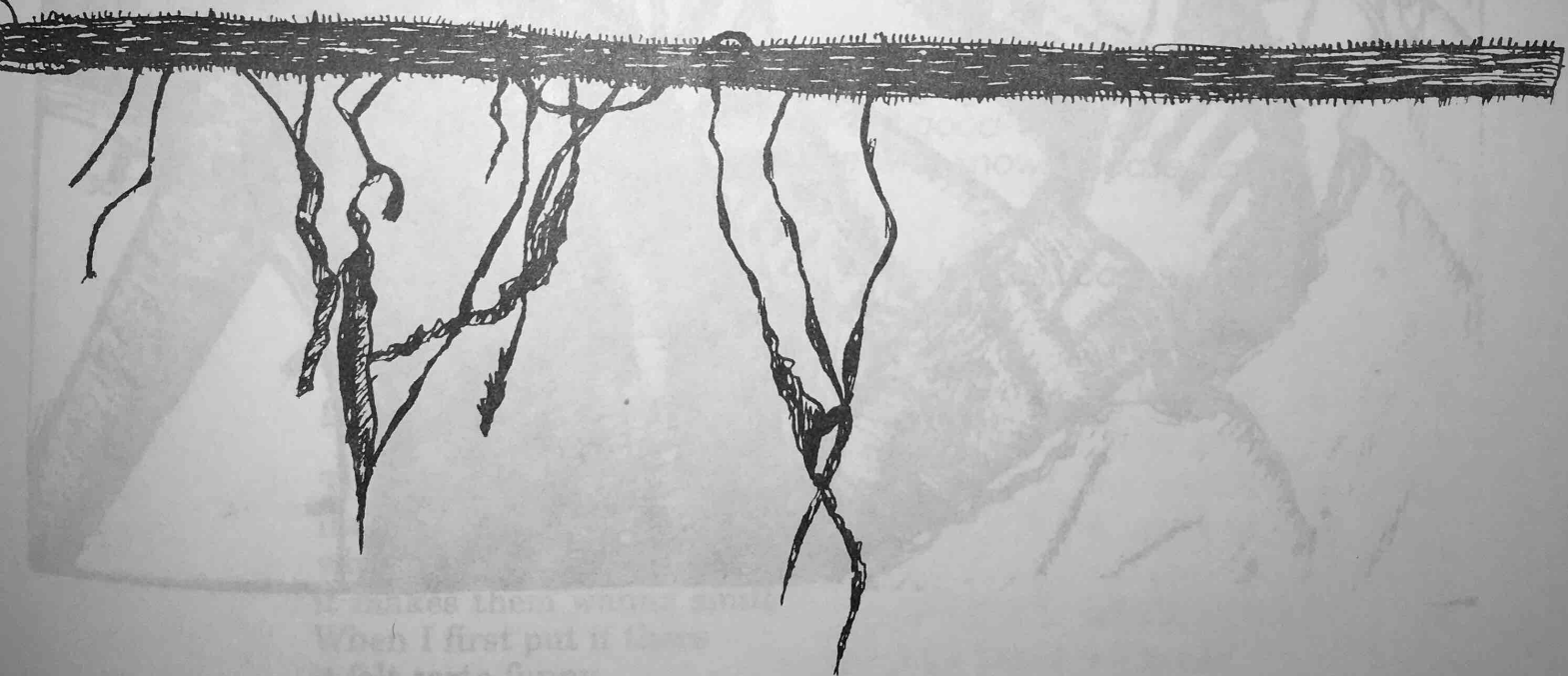
So I wonder what we mean when we sing
"Let there be peace on earth"
And I wonder what the final days
Will look like.

The final days To end these final years
Of hypocrisy.
For all the while we live
We are never truly free.

AN EMPTY SALAD BOWL

I almost killed my cat last night
I told Alexis today
We also spoke of the zucchini in my salad
Oh, she knows I'm afraid of olive oil,
and I'm secretly in love with the crouton.
She yelled at me.
Told me to keep my salad out of the microwave.
I said I was sorry.
I didn't mean to cook the fork.
Yes, never put utensils in the oven.
I threw back my head and cried today
I tried to explain the fraying wires
Crack...Crack...ptingg! There goes another strand
She can see the wires.
The zucchini cannot.

-Jessica Triller



Alexis S. Wicker



Who are you, inside me?

Where are the secrets hidden? Where do the lies come true? I know there is a place, I saw it once before. I don't recall--I never can recall where it is or how it got there. Lies fed into my head by our so-called "LEADERS", HA, isn't that a laugh. They try to take control in a place where control cannot be. Their egos twisting mischeviously yearning for the lust to power.. "POWER IS ALL THERE IS TO LIFE", Ya, you wish. If everybody thought this way we would be in a state of turmoil. Come to think of it we are... Blood stained streets of gold always RUNNING! RUNNING! RUNNING! When will this ever end. Society must learn to lead themselves before they lead others--NO TURNING BACK. A steamy hell on Saturday-Monday we may be free. Circles inside my head--Beating like a drum. RAT-A-TAT, RAT-A-TAT, getting louder and louder--RAT-A-TAT, RAT-A-TAT, never ending rage. I feed you, you feed me--we will never be the same. Come alive into the Earth now you hold on me. I scream, I yell, I try and run away. Every mile and every inch--showing the years of decay. Without a home, without a life--in the end we will pay. Secrets of life. I know your ship is coming in. Dangerously caught in the act-- Watch it slowly sail away--gripping life in your hand--You beat it once, you'll beat it again. Seas fly to the moon, space rests in a cave. Rusting in the darkness, Evil lurks along. Take control of your Mind. THERE'S NO WAY TO ESCAPE! Come on, you can beat it, COME ON--BEAT IT, YOU CAN DO IT, COME ON COME---

The voice you hear slowly dies in vain. The pain it has suffered can't be sent away. The life you led can't be sent away. The life you led can't be kept.

You might be sent to the time left from before. UNKNOWN-WALKING-BRIGHT LIGHT-DARK LIGHT. Things changing fast, you don't know where you are. It seems you never will- Is it good- Is it bad, depends on what you see. I am the only one who knows, Please can somebody tell me who it is inside me.

—Joe DeLucas

Green Peas

There's a pea in my bellybutton
its been there for awhile
whenever I show it to someone,
it makes them wanna smile
When I first put it there
it felt sorta funny
but now its only irritating
When I'm hugging with my honey.
It's really kinda neat that its never fallen out.
For surely if it did
my smile would turn to a pout.
That pea in there has become my friend
and I think I'm gonna love it
till the very, very, end.

THE WHITE ROSE

In the magical garden the daffodils whisper gaily,
And the pansies flirt with the trees.
The wind softly murmurs,
And busy are the bees.

The talkative tulips tend to chatter,
And the birds fly high above,
And the sunflowers are childishly giggling
Because the daisies are in love.

Everything is so bright and happy here,
But I am left out where no flower grows,
Under the shade of an oak tree,
I am the one and only rose.

I am pale and drained of all color,
And my head bobs to everything the wind has to say.
And no one comes to pick me,
For my thorns drive everyone away.

I see all the gay flowers,
And how I long to be like the rest,
And a tear falls down my petal,
Although to hold it back I tried my best.

"What causes your sorrow?"
Questions the Oak tree who has been here so long.
"I am merely a ghost in this magical garden,
And I fear I do not belong."

"Nonsense, for your petals are like winter frost,
And your long, slender stem
Makes you beautiful and special,
And you are just as good as them."

"Go ahead and join them,"
I heard the Great Oak say.
And I realized that I am also part of the magic,
In my own, different way.

- Monique Couppas

How would you feel if everyday
You were expected to be happy,
And nice, and giving of yourself
When you are being torn apart inside?

Beaten and abused as a child
Discouraged from expressing
Your individuality.

Now, no longer held back,
You strive to be noticed and loved

When you are always told how
Ugly, useless, and bad you are
Something, anything
Encourages you to fit in

But you never will
Because of what happened
You think everyone knows, yet
You want everyone to know
Cause maybe they'll understand you
Then they'll love you for who you are
And praise you for who you strive to be.

-Anonymous

Writers ! Artists !

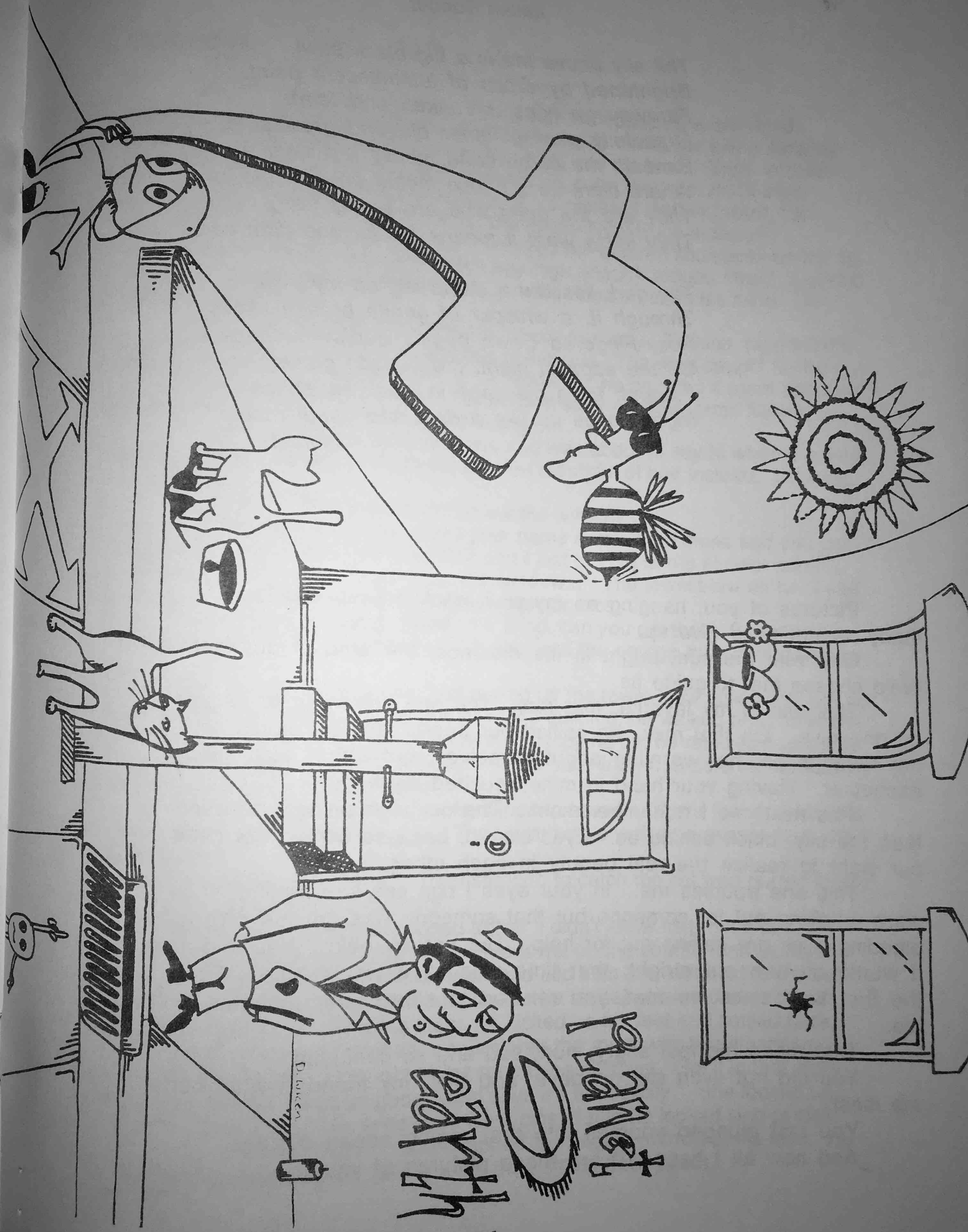
The Spring Phantasmagoria
is now being prepared.

- Fiction, Essays, Poetry & Artwork are Welcome -

Submit Today

Room 209 or to staff members





Planet
earth
25

D. J. J. J.

Italian Sonnet

*The sky above me is a big black bowl
Brightened by drops of luminescent paint.
Faraway galaxies, shrunken and faint,
Gracefully glow glimmer die and grow cold.
Beneath me damp earth, above me clear air,
Where stars do a dance meant only for me.
They are the ones who are totally free,
They know what it means to die, and dont care.*

*The dark lies like a damp rag on my face,
Through it, a whisper of gentle breeze blows.
Rosy-Fingered Dawn begins her swift chase,
On the edge of night, the horizon grows.
I search for a message in black ink space
Night closes up like a dark sad sweet rose.*

-Maureen

Pictures of you, hanging on my wall, each one so special, too many memories to give up.

One with the sun, bright in the distance, the wind at our feet. We'd chosen that to guide us.

This one is my favorite, that rock...The one belonging to us and no one else. On that rock, we spilled our hearts, and our souls, let our feelings go, not worrying about ourselves, but rather souly about eachother. Having your hand in mine, touched my heart.

This next one I remember most... The ocean foaming over our feet, the sky, black behind us. Eyes closed, because we did not need our sight to realize the real beauty in each other.

This one troubles me... In your eyes I can see you hurting, you were reaching out for someone but that someone was not me. Your pleading eyes are calling out for help... But not my help... You told me it would all turn out alright, that time was all it would take... For the first time since we met, you refused to share your thoughts with me.

That made me feel angry, hurt, sad and so confused.

You did not even say goodbye, and that, my friend is what hurts me most...

You just plunged yourself into that raging ocean current... And now all I have left are these pictures of you...

Tomorrow

"My life...is in... shambles." The thoughts flooded in, a whirlwind storming his mind. Even with his chin tucked to his chest, the biting January wind whipped his hair, snapping stinging ends into his face. Tripp inhaled, feeling the insides of his nostrils freeze and let out a long, heartsick sigh. Shoving hands deeper into the pockets of his battered leather jacket, he continued to trudge, miserable, along the empty New Hope sidewalk.

"I should jump off a building." He eyed the tattered shoelaces on his bo bo sneakers, "Maybe, but there aren't any high enough around here." Looking ahead, the bridge loomed before him. Another idea crossed his mind. He raised an eyebrow.

"Tripp!" The sharp bark jolted him back to reality. Turning, he glanced up, eyes tearing from from the rawness of the cold. The wind caught his hair, blowing it in a sheet across his face. Aggravated, he brushed it aside and saw Katherine practically dangling out her second story window, arms flailing, looking like she was on the verge of falling out.

Tripp waved his hand in greeting and was about to say hi when the wind kicked up again causing him to get another mouthful of hair instead. Choking, he spit it out.

"Hi Kathy." She leaned further out the window.

"What's with you? I've called your name a thousand times and you just keep walkin' right on by like a zombie and I just got out of the shower and it's freezing and all the heat's goin' out the window..." The towel blew off her head and her tangled wet hair tumbled down into her face.

"Man, that's just what I need. Yo Tripp, can you get that? Come on up and have some coffee...we'll talk." She hugged the orange robe tighter around her.

"Whatever," he shrugged and picked up the towel, now soiled with grit up off the sidewalk. Rounding the corner of the building, he walked back to where there were stairs to the upper apartments. Stepping up, he realized how numb his purpled knees were from exposure to the seemingly sub-zero temperatures, due to the holes in his ratty jeans.

Katherine's grey tabby, Creole, slipped between Tripp's feet and into the apartment as he opened the door. The warm was a welcome escape from the bitter wind.

"Is he allowed in here?" Tripp stooped to catch the cat who purred loudly as he was rubbed behind the ears.

"Yeah, actually he's supposed to be. I didn't know he'd been out. Sit down, I'll get you a cup." Tripp tossed the towel on the counter and slumped down on the sofa. He took off his jacket and laid it on the floor next to the oak coffee table. Taking off his dark sunglasses he revealed even darker circles around his tired eyes. Rubbing them, he kicked up his feet and settled back.

"Hope you like it," Katherine re-entered the room with two steaming mugs, "it's cappucino. I thought I'd try something different. Got it in that store across the bridge. Must be good, label says it's from Sicily." She looked up from the can at Tripp. His eyes eyes were closed and he looked kind of sick.

"Hey, are you alright?" She snapped her fingers in front of his face. He sighed and leaned forward, taking a sip then sitting back again.

"I just haven't slept." Eyes still shut. Katherine sat down in the chair across from him curling into a ball over her coffee.

"You've been out a lot?" She inquired.
"Well, I had people over Thursday and it ended up being an all-night thing. And last night I went to one of her famous parties."
"Who...Cheryl?" Katherine asked, a hint of suspicion in her voice. Tripp nodded.

"And it was Hell." Katherine's eyes narrowed.
"What happened? What did she do? C'mon...tell me."
"Oh, I don't know," He moaned, "it was just awful being there. You know, with Trevor there too. All I did was sit on the floor and drink and get jealous." He stared at the floor. Katherine pursed her lips impatiently, eyes darting to the ceiling then fixing on Tripp.

"Why do you put yourself through this? Ever since you guys broke up all she's done is make your life miserable. You know she only ever thought of you as some cute, naive little toy to play around with from the start! I remember, I was at the gallery the day you came in asking for directions. I'm not saying this to be mean or anything, it's just that you totally fell for her...and she KNEW it!"
"That's not it," Tripp didn't want to hear the truth, it hurt too much, "she's not that bad, really. It's just me...I'm a sentimental fool. I'm too stupid. Ever since she dumped me I've been a mess. I can't help it, I still love her so much. She doesn't do it on purpose."

"Oh she doesn't?" Katherine sneered, "She doesn't invite you over so you can watch Trevor and her hang all over each other? Isn't she the one who takes out her frustrations on you because you're too nice to get angry? Isn't she the one who's always peaches and cream to you until she gets what she wants? Tripp, how can you be so stupid?"

He was hiding beneath his hair. His voice was small,

"You don't understand, Kathy." Katherine rolled her eyes, teeth clenched,

"She won't go out with you yet wants you all to herself! She's not stupid either, she's got a knack for manipulating people to get what she wants. She lives for power and relishes the power she has over you. She's got you wrapped around her finger. And she's clever. I remember when she cheated Mr. Revero on those prints at the gallery. Don't you think of it as strange how suddenly I got fired the next day?"

"I never knew her to do such a thing."

"I know! That's because I never told you! I felt bad because your hopes were so high. You worshipped her!"

"But sometimes she's still so nice to me." Tripp whimpered.

"You call flaunting your new boyfriend in front of the guy who has practically dedicated the last two years of his life to you is nice? No. Somehow I think not!" She hastily gulped the rest of her coffee.

There was silence. Katherine looking out the window to the street, her back to Tripp, who stared at the floor, chewing his fingernails. The wind blew autumn's leftover leaves against the building. It whistled through the drainpipes.

After she calmed down, Katherine said,

"Why don't you get some sleep? You need it. Anyway, I've got to go to class. There's some stuff in the fridge if you get hungry."

"Oh," Tripp hesitated, a little shy about having someone's house all to himself.

"Oh c'mon, you're my buddy." She smiled apologetically and tossed a pillow at him. He kicked off his sneakers and stretched out on the sofa, pulling the afghan up under his chin. Katherine went into her room and threw on some clothes, putting on a little make up as well. She slid her boots on one by one and picking up her bookbag, she switched off the light.

On her way out, she stooped down to give Tripp, now almost asleep, a light, motherly kiss on the forehead. Creole was curled up on the back of the sofa, having found a friend to siesta with. The door clicked quietly shut behind her.

When he opened his eyes, it was blurry. Blinking, his vision cleared and he was hit with the startling disorientation waking up in unfamiliar surroundings. He looked around for the clock and found it on the wall. Five-thirty. Yawning, he stretched, his bones cracking as he pulled himself up. Pasty taste in his mouth. Rubbing his eyes, he yawned again then ran his fingers through his disheveled hair.

"Gotta get going," he mumbled lethargically to the cat that was preoccupied with washing itself on top of the television. Bending down to get his shoes he plucked a jolly rancher out of the candy dish and popped it into his mouth.

He stood, momentarily lightheaded, and picked up his jacket. Using the back of a brown grocery bag, he wrote a in his big clumsy handwriting:

I went home, it's late. Maybe I'll see you later, maybe I won't. Anyway, I'll give you a call. Okay?

see ya,
Tripp

Outside, it had grown colder but the wind had died down. It was getting dark but for the passing lights of cars. Tripp couldn't tell if the afternoon's rest had done him good or not. All he knew was that he could use some more.

He slipped the warped key into the hole and turned it, unlocking the door. Pushing it forward, the key got jammed as usual, and he had to argue with it for an annoying minute until it decided to come out. The apartment was black and he could tell by the blinking red dot across the room that there was message on the answering machine. He switched the light on.

The kitchen was a mess from his quick throwing together of food he called dinner the night before. Dishes had crusty things clinging to them. Tripp didn't want to know what. Turning on the hot water, he let the sink fill and added some Palmolive. Gathering up a handful of streaky glasses, he pressed the paly button on the answering machine. A series of beeps and tones. Someone had hung up. He dropped the dishes into the suds. A beep, then a voice, staticy over the tiny speaker. It was Cheryl.

"Tripp, I see you're not home," there was a pause, her voice sounded slightly miffed, "I just wanted to inform you that we're all getting together tomorrow at my place. You'll be expected. Bye."

Dialtone, Tripp stood for a long moment thinking, listening to the sound of the tape rewinding itself. He reached out to press the play button again but again stopped himself. A sick feeling inside...he did not want to hear her voice again.

"I think I'm going insane." He stared blankly at the telephone, the answering machine. Telephone...

"I just wanted to inform you that we're all getting together at my place so I can smile sweetly at you as I'm draped across Trevor's lap..."

He grabbed the phone receiver and dialed Katherine's number. She answered on the third ring.

"Hello?" There was a lot of noise in the background.

"Kathy?" His voice was choked. Apparently she couldn't hear him.

"HELLO?"

"Kathy, it's me."

"Oh, hi Tripp!" She sounded delighted to hear from him. "What's up?"

"Oh, I don't know," he hesitated, "Cheryl called. She wants me to go to another one of her famous parties tomorrow night. I don't wanna go but I know I will. I know what's gonna happen, too. I'll end up drunk and miserable..."

There was a moment of silence. Then suddenly he blurted, "So why don't you go with me? I get off work at six and can be at your place around quarter after."

"Yeah, sure okay," She answered even faster so she wouldn't have time to lose her nerve.

"Alright, then I'll see you tomorrow."

"Alright." They both hung up so neither of them could change their minds. They were both surprised by this spur of the moment plan, and even more surprised at their way of handling the situation.

Six-o-eight. Katherine watched the clock. She looked at herself in the mirror again. She actually fixed her hair. She wanted to look a little impressive, after all, it was her former employer and she kind of wanted to state the fact that she didn't shrivel up and blow away after losing her job at the gallery. Soon she saw headlights in the drive, and in a few minutes the doorbell rang.

She grabbed her coat and opened the door. It was raining. Tripp was soaked, beads of water in his hair, a drop off his nose. He smiled showing slightly crooked teeth.

"You look nice... ready to go?"

"Yeah...thanks. Don't you want to dry off or something first?"

"Why?" That was always a good answer. Katherine shook her head, a little puzzled. Tripp was an odd one at times. They hopped into his beat up old station wagon, an ugly brute of a car, seasick green with wood paneling. The tape player blasted music and the rain bounced off the windows, making the lights from the building streak.

The ride to New Brunswick was quite a little haul, and Tripp thought it was nice for a change not having someone chain smoking in the car as Cheryl so often had.

The ride to New Brunswick was quite a little haul, and Tripp thought it was nice for a change not having someone chain smoking in the car as Cheryl so often had.

"I remember the way to her old place," Katherine said, "I was there a couple of times."

"Yeah," Tripp sighed in a melancholy tone, "So was I. Wait till you see her new place."

"Nice?"

"That ain't the word."

"Must be nice to be so rich, and to think that she's only what, three years older than us?"

"Four...she's twenty-six."

"It's really something, that way of her's. She's clever, I mean look at all the money she's made. And this thing she's got going on with that stuffy Trevor isn't pinching her piggy bank either."

The stationwagon growled up the drive. As the motor was loud, it drew attention, and Tripp saw someone peering out from behind the blinds in Cheryl's third story flat. He turned to Katherine,

"Guess they're waiting for me."

"Oh, how sweet." Katherine was sarcastic, "The party can't start without you."

"Yeah, it's no fun until you can make someone feel like crap." He walked around to the passenger side and opened the door. "Shall we go?"

"But of course." Joking around, he took her arm in his as if they were a couple.

Arriving at Cheryl's door, Tripp pressed the buzzer. Someone was looking through the peephole, you could tell because it got darker. There was a fumbling sound as the doorknob turned. It opened and there stood Trevor, a look of surprise taking over his usual snotty expression. He grunted something that may have been a hello and gestured for them to follow him.

Tripp and Katherine stepped into the noisy, smoke-filled room. People were scattered around, some on chairs, some sitting on the floor watching television. Others were chatting amongst themselves in dim corners. Tripp's eyes followed Trevor's greying hair through the crowd over to the velvet sofa. There she was, Cheryl, goddess almighty, Queen Bitch.

Apparently, she did not acknowledge their presence. She was too busy impressing her friends with an Andy Warhol original she had somehow managed to get her hands on. Trevor approached her and spoke something into her ear.

She looked over at Tripp, putting her arm around Trevor and pulling him down next to her. She smirked cruelly,

"You're here." She held a glass of vodka with a slice of lemon in her perfectly manicured hand. Tripp opened up a bottle of Rolling Rock.

"Yeah, and I brought someone, too."

"Oh?" She raised a carefully sculpted eyebrow. Tripp stepped closer, pulling Katherine up beside him. Cheryl blinked, eyes widening and almost choked as she jolted back, spilling her drink down her shirt and also onto

Trevor. The color drained from her face only to flush back in an embarrassed scarlet.

Tripp, confused at what was happening, looked questioningly over to Katherine. She was failing to suppress a smile. It was amusing to see the woman who was always so with it, losing her cool. In a flash of high heels and leather, Cheryl was stomping off in a huff across the room. Tripp looked at Katherine again, he caught on. This was getting funny.

Trevor got up and pushed his way through several oblivious faces over to where Cheryl stood pouting, arms crossed, by the punchbowl. Tripp took Katherine by the hand and pulled her across the room to the opposite side of the room, mingling with other people but having full view of what was going on.

Trevor had his hands on her shoulders and she was hissing in a voice audible enough to hear over the low conversation.

"What is she doing here? GET HER OUT!" She glared harshly in their direction, and if only looks could kill.

After about fifteen minutes of heated discussion with Cheryl, Trevor reluctantly made his way over to Tripp and Katherine.

"Look," He said in his condescending tone of voice, "Cheryl's not feeling well and would greatly appreciate it if only her closer friends were here tonight. Everyone else," and he nodded to Katherine, "is going to have to leave."

"Oh, well, I'm sorry to hear that. I guess we should be going then," said Tripp, trying not to smile. "After all, we did come together." And he said this just loud enough so that certain sulky female could hear.

Trevor did not know what to do or say. He just kind of looked with raised eyebrows at Cheryl, whose eyeliner was running in black rivulets down her cheeks. Tripp grabbed Katherine by the hand and turning on his heel, blew a mocking kiss at Cheryl as they left.

Stepping outside, Tripp broke into laughter, well accounted for. The rain felt great. For the first time in a long time he actually felt happy. Katherine was such a great person..such fun to be around. That's when he realized he was still holding her hand.

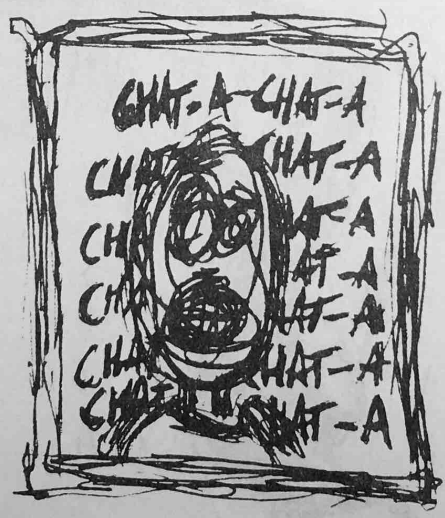
Michelle Melcher



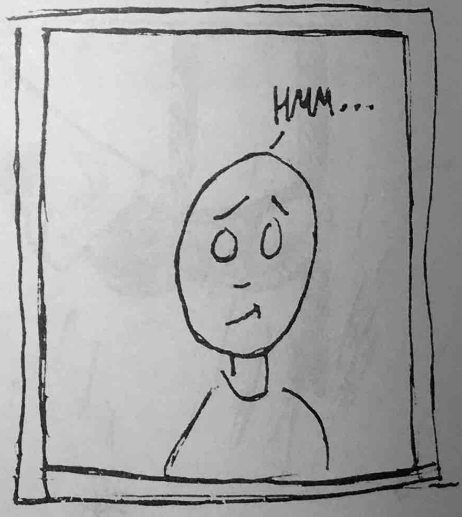
SITTING ON A PARK BENCH...

The war has stopped.
 Silence shatters the world
 As the once wickedly flashing sky and exploding
 Clouds make peace with Earth again.
 The wind sighs relief as the formerly blackened
 Sky removes her disguise to become a faded grey.
 Swaying trees move rhythmically
 To rejoicing melodies sung by the birds.
 The sun, who had hid during the tumult,
 Decides to show herself, peering shyly out
 From passing clouds.
 And a rainbow paints itself meekly
 Over the grey dome hovering
 After the sky has dried its tears.
 Alison Clark

SQUEAKY CLEAN



BY SKOT BUCKARD



UNTITLED

I watch the world go by
Through a pattern of raindrops
On the bus window.
One more drop
Falls to the glass
And joins another.
They hold their shape.
For only seconds
Before becoming one
And making a river
Down the window.
Eventually the river
Reaches the bottom of the window
And is lost from sight.
Yet, as soon as the first river
Has run its course,
Another is forming above.
Whether this river takes
The same course as the first
Or not,
They began in the same way,
They will end in the same way.
Such is the cycle
Of Heaven's teardrops-
And mine.

-K. Shannon Bowers

Distance

"Too far," she muttered
(unusual how the sweetness disappears)
And turned to walk away from it
Thinking it too far

But if she had looked
(funny because she almost always used to)
She would have seen the distance was
Just a voice away.

"Behind Misted Glass..."

You have taken
The sullen tears from my
Blue reflection and you
Have embraced them
In your delicate heart.

You have given
Your whole-souled honesty
To me in blushed silence
Broken by marked words,
Mended by lyrical whispers.

You alone have left me
Forever, if ever,
Trembling.

- Jennifer Reif

-Stephen Gabriel

It's All the Same

It's all the same
You're just another name.
In a month you will see
that it was not meant to be.
What about the moments we spent
and the rules we bent
so that we could be together.
Our plans went on forever.
There goes the Sparkle and Glisten.
All that I hear now when I listen
Is my own desperate cry
and the only word is Why.
It's gone, No More.
What the hell is it for?
I've never had one stay,
One that would never go Away.
One who really wanted Love.
They may say that they Love,
but all that they want is an Object.
Someone that they can reject
After playing a game
and discovering that Nothing's Changed.
I ache and grow very tired,
my joy in life has almost expired.
It's all the same, You're just another Name.

- Joe Mayer

CONJUGATIONS

I friggen
You fraggen
He froggens
We fribble-fragg
Everyone frobbles

-Thang

BLINDED BY VISIONS OF YOU

DANCES OF THE NIGHT
LASTING MANY HOURS
STRANGE AND WHISMICAL DREAMS
VISIONS OF YOU

IF THE LIGHT IN MY DARKNESS
WOULD SUDDENLY DISAPPEAR
AM I LEFT FOREVER IN FEAR?
BLIND FAITH

EMPTY THOUGHTS RUN RAMPANT
IN A HOLLOW SOUL
SLEEPFILLED DAYS
STRANGE AND WHISMICAL DREAMS

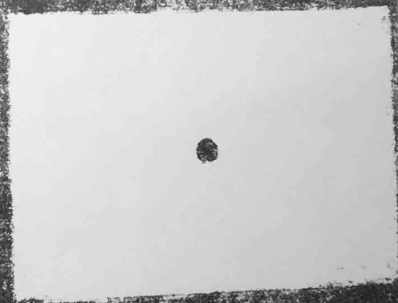
VISIONS OF YOU.

-RACHEL SEMPLE

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SONY
WALKMAN
E



"Hard Honesty"

I still see things I don't want
to see,
I am still afraid to fight,
too claim myself,
to respond to what I do,
I deny my hurt,
my tears,
I say it doesn't hurt,
well it does,
But to you
It doesn't matter
cause you can't see
The honest part inside
of me.

Mia McGuire

"Ever On"

The many colored lights of daybreak
are leaping out from in my eyes.
I see the pain and joy so clearly
As time races ever on.

In years hence I will look back
and see the leaves begin to fall.
The images of youth fade in me
As the days make way into forever.

Many things lie in waiting before me,
An uncertain hopeful future ahead.
A soul struggling with today and tomorrow.
To say goodbye or hold on.

My dreams are racing behind my eyes.
There is not time to stop and ponder
the value of now and when.
My hope is for their meeting.

by Jill Graziano

MUD

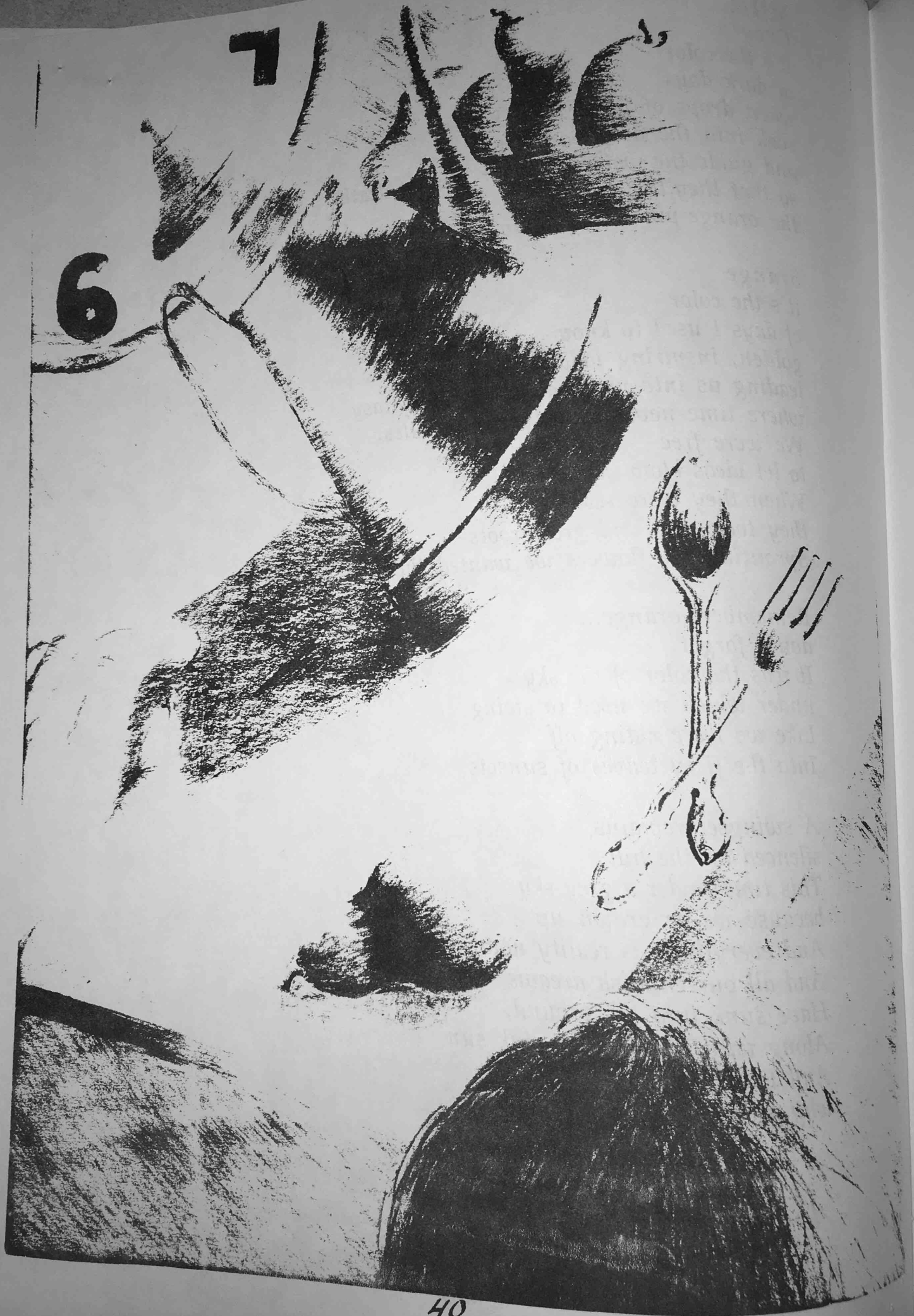
Grey
it's the color
of dark days
when drops of impersonal rain
soak into the deep pavement
and guide the worms to their time of death
so that they'll never feel
the orange-pink rays again.

orange
it's the color
of days I used to know-
golden, inspiring ladders
leading us into mystical forests of fantasy
where time never etched definite rules.
We were free
to let ideas blow in the wind.
When they were ready,
they took seed and grew roots-
Sprouting the flowers we wanted them to

Remember orange...
don't forget,
It was the color of the sky
under which we used to swing
Like we were riding off
Into the fiery waves of sunsets.

A swingset remains,
silenced on the hill
This time under a grey sky
because we've grown up
And everything is reality now
And all our childish dreams
Have sunk into the ground,
Along with that orange-pink sun
And I wonder...
why grey had to be a color.

Ami Van Dine



6

7

Dear Best Friend,

The red and white giant candy cane balloon you gave me was the best Christmas present I got this year. You came to my house, December twenty-sixth, your cheeks aflame from the frosty snow which lay on the ground. In your left hand was a box of personalized fortune cookies which accompanied the helium-filled monster. I remember I had to be careful as I brought it into my house, it was so fragile I was afraid it would break. I remember that, even today, even after all that has happened.

You were my best friend, there is no denying that. I won't try to, and I hope that you don't. On the day that I met you, I was sleeping in the street, waiting for concert tickets to go on sale, and you approached me with a box of Dunkin' Donut Munchkins and a cup of coffee. I was so tired, so completely exhausted, that before I touch the food, I get up, do ten jumping jacks, act cheery and smile. I knew on that day that our friendship would be special. You were able to find the last drop of life and of happiness that was inside of me and turn it into a pool, so that I felt alive again, and refreshed. That feeling never left me; not until you did.

It was August when you went away to college. I remember that I cried a thousand tears as I watched you drive away. For weeks afterward, I would look out my bedroom window at night and think that it was alright, because somewhere in the world, you were out there, looking at the same starry sky, possibly thinking about me too. As long as I knew that, I was okay.

You did come home a few times, and we did keep in touch. You were my magical friend who I could write to about all my problems, my fears, my joys, about everything in my life. I would just pour out my soul onto a piece of paper, stuff it in an envelope, and send it off. Then, you would fix everything, or so I thought.

I don't know what went wrong, what happened to us. You promised to always remain with me, in my heart, and I depended on that promise, like I depend on nature's promise that after the sun sets for the night, there will be another day to follow, there will be more light. But you cut me off, just like that. You cut off our friendship at the same time that the spring cut off the winter. And even today, I still do not know why.

All I know is that the balloon you gave me is still floating in my room, attached to the bedpost where it has remained since Christmas. Every day it shrinks closer to the floor, seeming more and more lifeless. One of these days it will finally be deflated and my pain of losing you will end. It will go away and it will take with

it that last drop of happiness inside of me that you are no longer here to refill.

- Tania Tasse



I LOVE RED
I LOVE BLUE
BUT MOST OF ALL I LOVE RED.

THE ALL-TIME FAVORITE

Michael

HELP

If you ever need someone,
I'll be there for you.
You can trust me.

I know what it is like to be-
deceived,
ridiculed,
alone,
ashamed.

Let me help you as someone has helped me.
I won't ever let you down-
You can trust me.

I'll be there for you because I have
been there-

You are not alone in this world.
I hear your screams of pain.
I too cry for you.

-Thang

DIGITAL LOCK

Half in a trance,
my dark staring eyes
are fixed on the red little shapes of light
that construct everchanging numbers
on the black face of the alarm clock.
11:59.

On the verge of tomorrow,
the silent solitude of my room
surrounds me,
and I wonder,
What happened to today?
Gone not into schoolwork
nor saving Spaceship Earth,
not donated to the homeless,
but locked somewhere in a hidden chest
with the day thrown away, labeled
"YESTERDAY."

--Joanna Starrels

Hind Sight

He wears his paranoia like a thick coat of
lead
Welded to his body,
Breaking his back, crushing the vertebrae,
One by one.

He sits on the edge (of his bed)
As the blades of the ceiling fan
Rotate above him.
Never retreating,
Never advancing,
Always constant. Like the
Tick-tick-tick
Of the Timer
Hammering on his skull.

Air silently rushed behind the posters
That cover the four walls
Imprisoning him in safety.
"We want to touch you" they chant.
As they swell and recede
Synchronizing themselves with the quiet cackling
Of the timer.
The timer that holds the forbidden knowledge,
Reveling in its own
Cleverness.

"We need to touch you"
They start to break free,
Pulling away from the walls,
Tearing from the staples and tape
That bind them,
Their non-existent whisperings converging,
Into a single drowning cacophony
Asking the question
"How long?"
"How long?"

-Pskot Blanchard

Blackbird

There's a Blackbird in the air
Now I'm following it with my stare
It's really calm the way it flies
The way it soars, I watch it rise
Placid's the word that comes to mind
All technology is far behind
This little bird gives true sensation
of peace, health and relaxation
Wait- Bright orange in that bush
What was that sound- that great big whoosh!
there's a Blackbird falling through the sky
I only wonder, Why did it have to die?

Christy Montemurro

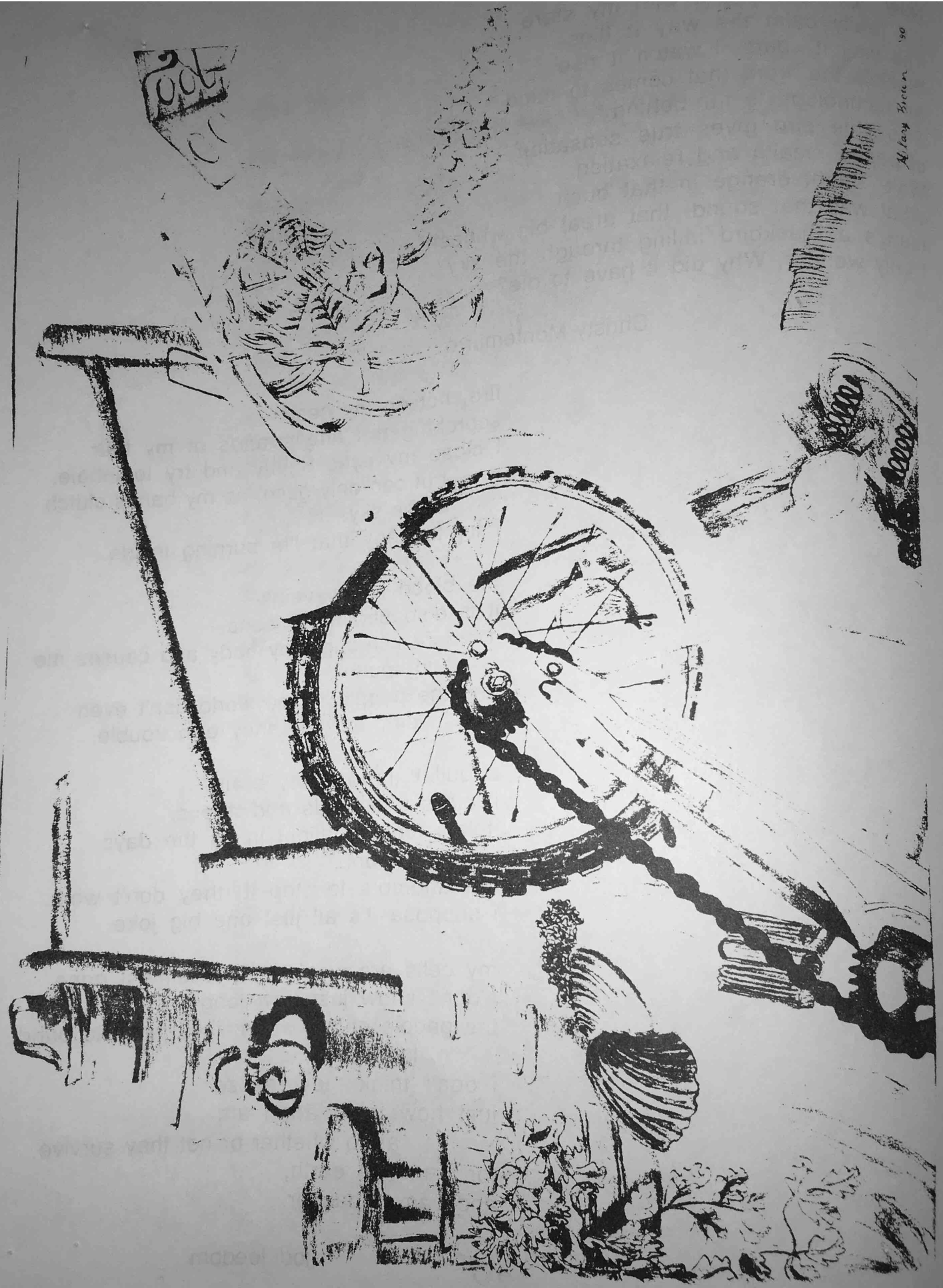
fire, hot on my head
scorching the fine strands of my hair
i close my eyes tightly and try to inhale,
but can only gasp, as my hands clutch
at the sky.
i try to deny that i'm burning inside.

the blood in my veins-
it is diseased by poisons.
it crashes through my body and causes me
to sputter,
and the people of the world don't even
seem to know they're in trouble.

a bullet through my brain-
it picks and prods and throbs.
it lets more sunlight in as the days
grow on.
the attempts to stop it, they don't work.
i suppose it's all just one big joke.

my cells are weak, they're almost gone
i don't know just how long.
the people of the world, they need to band
together.
i don't think they realize
just how important i am
as to whether or not they survive.
for i am the earth,
and i am in danger.

jodi leedom



Melancholy thoughts force me to a former world,
A past renewed in my aged mind
Trapping me into recalling my old hopes
When I looked to a night skyline to wish upon
That first bright star.
A time when I limited my dreams, like a bird
Limits its travel to the sky....

But like a bird without wings
I found myself without dreams
Gazing into a blackened sea full of emptiness
Adrift and floating in limbo with
Reality and what I wanted
And suddenly all the stars were gone and I had
None to wish upon.
I do not know what made them go,
But now I must linger in this starless sea.

- Alison Clark

SHINY BLUE LOBSTERS

The idea behind shiny blue lobsters (*shimmerus crestaceus*) is an overriding sense of not making sense. The lobsters make a fuss over their societal functions, and ignore most practical solutions to their everyday problems. They seem to know that their supply of habitats is finite, yet this doesn't stop them from destroying their homes at timed intervals. They know that their consumption of foodstuffs is not conducive to their health, but they ignore the problem nonetheless. They will, at times, act as if they care, and even rarer are those who truly care, but most are fraudulent lobsters. Their existences are empty and meaning less, except for their own delusions about the lives they are leading. Yes, the shiny blue lobsters are destroying themselves, physically and spiritually, and they don't seem to care.

ICE DRAGON

Frightful Dragon on air of night
Haunting men with fearful sight
Dark-hearted Dragon, white as death
Killing men with chilling breath

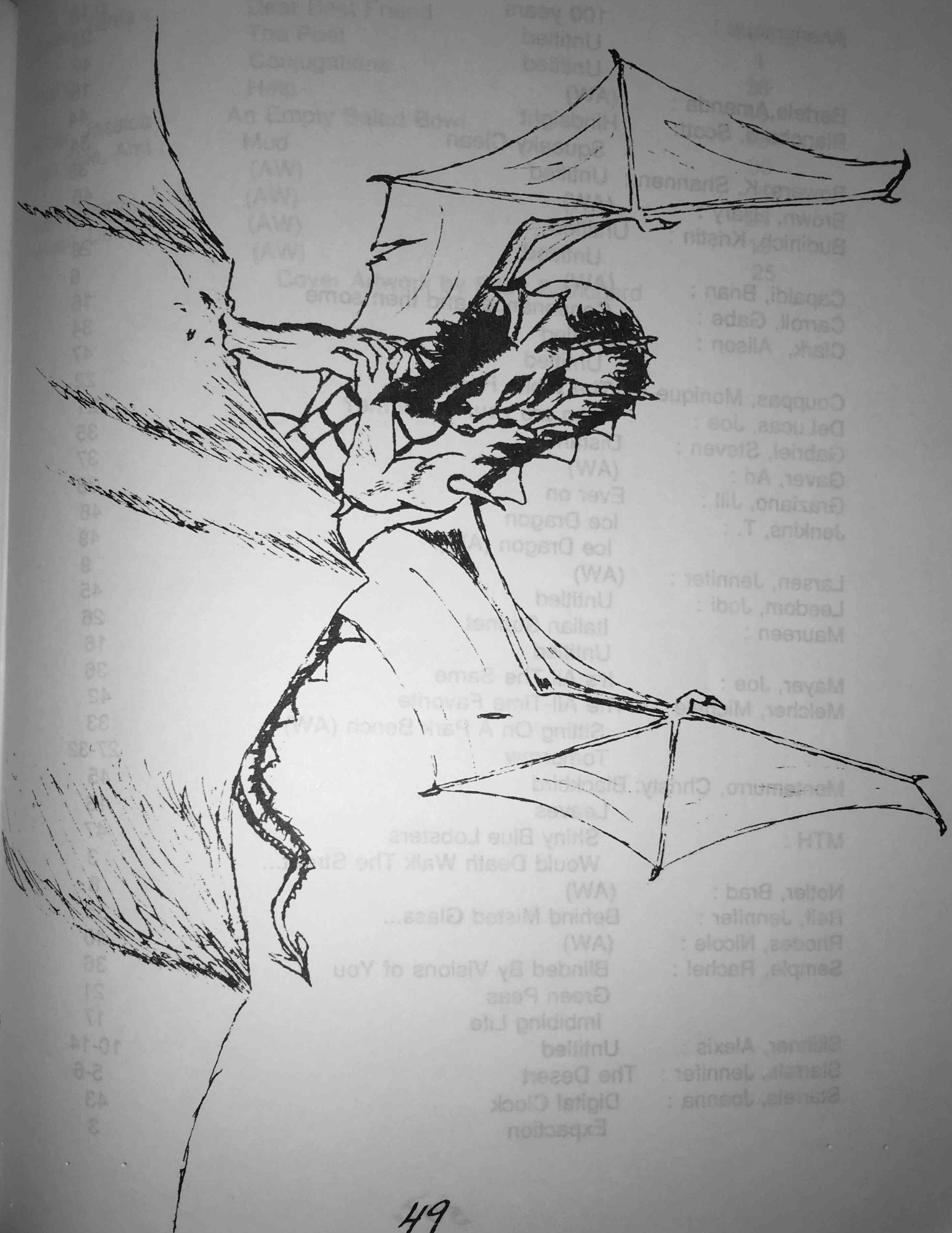
The Dragon's home, forlorn and cold
They come to challenge, brave and bold
Alone in silver comes the knight
To entice the Wurm to join in fight

But none can defeat the snow white lizard
Whose breath is felt like an icy blizzard
The black-eyed Dragon breathed his ice
Knight and horse now quiet as mice

In anger now the Beast takes flight
A shadow of Death, bone-chilling white
Crush the town its evil thought
Lives destroyed and damage wrought

To stop this scourge some have tried
But all have failed and all have died
They rest in peace for all is lost
Beneath a mantle of silver frost

- T. Jenkins



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Cover Artwork by Scott Blanchard

